

REVIEWER.

mostest of the mad? He had come up from his Southern home for sake of her; and she had dressed herself and gone to a ball—and she would smile and give soft glances, and dance through the night, and in the morning she would wake and smile pitifully as she thought of him.

He tortured his heart with these reflections. He went back along the quiet avenue, its stately brown-stone mansions in gloomy grandeur frowning down upon him. Was there any heart-ache like his but that she could share?

He stood and looked at the walls behind which she hid sometimes. How coldly they shelt her away from him; and then, as he dashed his hand against his forehead, he remembered that her last words were kind ones. She had bid him come again and see her. If she had not done so, he could not have projected his devotion. That was something to hug to his eager heart in the shape of a forlorn hope.

He had left the cars in the lower part of the city, and was walking across to the hotel, when he came suddenly upon a man, a friend to be approached. He saw an old man lying stretched along the pavement. He was apparently in strong convulsions. The light from a saloon door streamed full upon his face, showing it wrinkled and seamed and weather-beaten. His white hair was not yet grayed, but his sight in that cold light, on the stones of the street.

Temple looked, and felt a shock of recognition, and then looked again.

"What! Shuan!" he cried—"Shuan Mc'Iver!"

The crowd past before him, as he pressed him. A police officer, keeping back, touched his cap.

"Beig pardon, sir. Do you know anything about him? He seems to be taken unconsciously bad. He ought to be got to his friends, if he owns any."

"I know nothing about his friends or his circumstances," answered Robert, still standing down in a kind of shocked amazement at that wrinkled, shamed, beaten old face.

It flashed through him how that face used to light up, and the keen old eyes how they used to twinkle with fun when Shuan told one of his stories. Robert had seen that old man many times in his time when he was a child, listening to his drollery.

"I used to know him when I was a lad," he told the officer, "but I have lost sight of him for many years."

"He must be taken to the station-house, then." The officer beckoned one of his men up, and had his get a carriage.

The old man's convulsions had ceased; he was lying quite still on the stones; his eyes were shut, and he breathed with difficulty. It was a pitiful sight.

Robert put some money in the officer's hand.

"See that he is well cared for," he said. He gave him his card. "I will come around in the morning and look after him. Meanwhile if anything happens let me be informed of it."

While they were speaking, the old man opened his eyes. He struggled up into a sitting posture and looked about him.

"Maggie!" he moaned. "Maggie—where are you? Where?"

A light broke in on Robert's puzzled brain. He had laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Shuan Mc'Iver! What is the trouble? Get up! Come with me!"

The old man paid no attention to him. He stumbled up to his feet, he stood so, a trembling, shabby old figure, looking expectantly around him. He was shivering as with a ague.

"Shuan! Shuan!" he muttered. "I see you—and the baby she carried in her arms; she did not speak to me—so old her father! Maggie! Oh, Alaska! my dear one—my dear one. Light of my life! Where are you this night?"

The loud wail of passionate Irish lamentation brought tears to the eyes of that cold, callous crowd.

"Shuan! Shuan! What is it? Come with me, man." Robert put his hand again on the old fellow's arm. "Come with me—let me help you."

Old Shuan did not heed him; but turned his coat about him, and shambled away; they heard his voice in the distance, shrill:

"Maggie, Maggie, my dear one! light of my life!"

Had the old man found his child that he cried so loudly?

Robert walked rather sadly away. The policeman followed him at a distance, making a mental note of the youth's voice and manner, and tried to find some farther professional use, if need be. But Robert walked on unheeding. What need had he to fear the surveillance of the police or the strong arm of the law. He would have laughed had he been told that the policeman had already marked him as the connecting link in some dark transaction, and had him in his power, hidden stones of crime. Old Shuan—Maggie—the child in her arms—their mysterious disappearance—Robert coming on the scene unexpectedly. Who should say what villainy was at the bottom of it?

"I'll keep an eye on you, my good fellow," thought the astute man of the police, "and if you are not to be had, then I'll have a look over the fence behind his unconscious victim."

Meanwhile, Robert in his room had taken out Rose's picture and was looking at it earnestly. The soft eyes seemed up at him, the full lips seemed to curve in joyous recognition, almost it seemed to speak to him as it lay there on the table under his fervent gaze.

"I never told her, in regard to her," he thought, "neither accepted nor rejected. How will it be in the end? Oh, time, time! if I could borrow something of you—if I could leap forward a year, and pass an end to all doubt and fear. But these? I'll hope for a year. Good night, lovely lips; good night, tender eyes; I will go to sleep and dream of you."

He threw open the windows and looked out into the night. The silver sickle moon was hanging over the high chimney, staring him calmly in his pale face.

"I'll wish," he thought. "When I was a boy I used always to wish to the moon; and I will wish for her love—her love and long life, and happiness for ever after."

Was it ominous for his happiness that the moon just then drifted behind a thin film of cloud, stretched across the sky?

He might have thought so, for he sat the couch quickly and turned away.

And so we leave him, a passionate lover, neither accepted nor rejected, waiting for his fate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

The story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 15, and may be obtained at

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNHOMELIKE HOME.

Harry stands in the doorway of Sailor's Home, watching the two men as they walk away, his eyes bright with gratitude and sparkling with joy. And no wonder, considering the change in his attitude toward the South Sea. He is no longer the same, nor is he good-natured to the core. He can take care of himself, and his own path is not the only one winds for the author.

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Saturday Evening, Dec. 16, 1875.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Just at this season of the year, the subject of Christmas and New Year's Presents is one that is engrossing the thoughts of almost every one, more or less, and to know just what kind of a present to make is often a matter of considerable perplexity and deliberation.

To those of our readers who may be in this dilemma, our advice would be to fix upon something that will remind the friend to whom you wish to give the present, of you every week throughout the year. What more acceptable present could we suggest than a copy of the Post for the Centennial year?

TO AGENTS.

In order to give every one a chance to work for the SATURDAY EVENING POST who wishes to do so, without buying the \$10.00 outfit, and to furnish an outfit Fanz to every one who will work for us, we make the following exceedingly liberal offer:

We will send a Mounted Chrome, with sample copies of paper and subscription book to any one pledging themselves to act as an Agent for the Post, on receipt of one dollar, and as soon as the names of five subscribers are sent to us, we will give credit for the dollar. Any of our General Agents will do the same, we notice at top of this column.

HOME INFLUENCE.

Home, which are the nurseries of children who grow up into men and women, will be good or bad according to the power that governs them. Where the spirit of love and duty pervades the home—where head and heart bear rule wisely there—where the daily life is honest and virtuous—where the government is sensible, kind, loving—they may we expect from such a home an issue of healthy, useful and happy beings, capable, as they gain the requisite strength, of following the footsteps of their parents, walking uprightly, governing themselves wisely, and contributing to the welfare of those about them.

On the other hand, if surrounded by ignorance, carelessness and selfishness, they will unconsciously assume the same character, and grow up to adult years rude, uncivilized, and all the more dangerous to society if placed amidst the manifold temptations of what is called civilized life. "Give your child to be educated by a slave," said an ancient Greek, "and, instead of one slave, you will have two."

FINDING THE SUNSET.

On the beautiful hours of the sunset, Hush out on the western sky, Where the day lay down their brightness, And the stars were rising high.

Sweet friends in the home of our childhood, The gentle and interesting stars, Gazing out as we enter Life's wildwood In search of the sunset land.

Full soon do the meadows grow broader, And rougher the path where we stray, And the flowers are more numerous, And the sunset seems nearer every day.

And the friends who have journeyed with us We lay with the mounding dead; They have reached the bright sunset before.

And lonely the pathway we tread.

But the hands of nature glow With rich beam from the sunset Land, And our hearts with a restful light, Longing for the stars to be made.

Our toads, our money and gold, Which grow as the setting sun, Our eyes have grown dim with their gazing, And our thoughts are old and slow.

As we near the eternal splendor We leave the hills and the hills-topps Which grow in the sunset's beam.

So closing our eyes for a moment In the sun's red dazzling ray, We gaze on the sunset's beauty, In a land of perpetual light.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY EDWARD B. CARLSON.

"He is such a good-hearted young man!" We often hear it in the street, and we are glad to hear it, for those whom we know are bed-peppered.

Additional says, "that when passionate people are called good-natured, it only argues the good nature of those who so designate them." There is a very unusual claim to the possession of a good heart, when they are forced to shift to a new one, because the old is threadbare.

Tenderness and generosity are certainly irresistibly attractive, and when practiced win for their possessors the claim of having a good heart.

He who kicks in the very midst, tortures wife, and servants, and vents his fury in the sweetest site of anger, has his broom at breakfast, and whist winds at dinner; who rip-slops from Dan to Beulah, is yet considered a good-hearted man, because his wife's relations always meet a cordial reception, and an extended, charitable hand. He gives his wife a love of a man, but what does his wife and children and servants think of him? His passionate bursts of anger have wounded them. Can they call it a good heart?

Mr. Bullion is such a charming wretched; such a good heart—always glad to see that Captain is no admiral, or perfectly splendid with his set. The letters give exemptions to the rich and charlatans always meet a cordial reception, and extended, charitable hand. He gives his wife a love of a man, but what does his wife and children and servants think of him? His passionate bursts of anger have wounded them. Can they call it a good heart?

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FLORAL DECORATIONS.

BY JAMES VICK.

There are times in all our lives when the heart is joyous, and its rapturous throbs make the eyes sparkle with delight and wreath the face with smiles. We delight to give expression to this joy in kind acts and pleasant words, in filling our homes with garlands and flowers, and presenting our loved ones with bouquets and other marks of regard.

The "Merry Christmas" and the "Happy New Year" are occasions which all others must be honored, and with which we have the most pleasure.

And lonely the pathway we tread.

But the hands of nature glow.

With rich beam from the sunset Land.

Our toads, our money and gold,

Which grow in the sunset's beam.

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December 19, 1891.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



HOW JOHNNY KILLED THE LION.

BY MRS. SARAH E. BATHURST.

Johnny was going into the country to spend the summer at Grandpa Street's. Aunt Kate was going to the country, too, and packed and stood in the hall with Johnny's little valise beside it, all ready for a walk.

It was their last breakfast at home, the girls had hastened away from the table, and Uncle Hob, John, and Frank, and grandpa down stairs, when John stood up a book at ten o'clock. Mamma and Aunt Kate were confabulating in the back parlor, and Uncle Hob was lingering over his coffee and newspaper. Johnny was always friendly to buttered toast, so he kept it on the table.

Uncle Hob looked like a grizzly bear, but his eyes were as blue and mild as a baby's; he had been to sea so long that a "yarn" or a "fish-story" would not stick in his throat in the least.

"Well, John," said he, laying down his knife, "I can see for yourself," offering him the paper as solemn as a judge. "You'd better go well armed, young man. If you should kill a bear, lion, or a leopard, you'd get in the papers, perhaps. Why, you would be a hero!"

Naughty Uncle Hob! Johnny was suitably impressed with his advice. His uncle had only known the mischief he was doing.

Half an hour later Johnny tip-toed up the back stairs when Bridge's back was turned; crept into the hall as silent as a mouse, and into Frank's chamber, peering one of the bureau drawers, he confiscated his brother's silver-plated revolver. Frank wouldn't care, besides didn't Uncle Hob just the same as himself?

"If I could kill a lion or something, I would beat Frank all hollow!" thought Johnny, as he hid the revolver at the bottom of his little valise.

In due time Aunt Kate with her flax and flounces, and Johnny with his bright eyes and precious valise, clapped tightly in his chubby hand, arrived at Grandpa Street's roomy, hospitable farm house.

It was just berry time, and Scottie to Blair came over to invite the little stranger to go with him. He proposed carrying a lunch, and spending the day on the Hill. Aunt Kate was quite willing. Johnny was willing, too. Grandpa, Mrs. Blair, and Scottie with biscuits, cookies, gingerbread and jellies. He began to think of Frank's pistol, with its neat stock and polished steel barrel; this was just the time to carry it in the inside pocket of his little blue jacket.

Scottie was a short, little fellow with a big head and a speechless mouth. He had just trudged in as a sociable man now. Scottie told marvelous stories about the wonders of the woods and shining pond.

"Are there any bears around here?" asked Johnny, broaching the subject as neatly as he could.

"I never saw any," said Scottie, almost ashamed to own it; "but," brightening up a little, "Captain Crowell saw bear tracks in his back yard yester night. I wish I'd been there, by George, I'd a killed him, sure!"

"What with?" asked Johnny; "you have got a pistol, haven't you?"

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry, I could bring his brains out with a club, I guess."

"No, you couldn't either!" and Johnny proudly showed Scottie the handsome weapon hid away in his pocket.

Lunch time came early, although the sun was still high in the sky. Scottie thought he must have tasted such nice cookies before; but perhaps the hand-some lunch box, with its bright, gold-colored edges had something to do with it.

Suddenly a horrible sound broke in the stillness of the spot; it was low, deep roar, coming louder and nearer every moment. Johnny knew what it was, he had been hoping up briskly and cried:

"Gorrv, there's a lion!"

A lion! Here was the opportunity Johnny had coveted; he forgot his geography and everything else. He had been looking for a bear, and here was a lion!

Scottie climbed a tree, and invited Johnny to join him; but crash, crash went the bushes, and a huge, dark object appeared over the hill.

"By Jove, it's a b'ffal'or!" cried Scottie, from his safe retreat. "He'll kill you if you come up here, Tell 'you!"

By Jove, John had the opportunity of shoving the white feather, and taking good aim he fired. Poor little fellow he sank down on the ground as white as a sheet when the great creature swayed from side to side, and then fell heavily to the ground.

"By Jove, you've killed Captain Crowell!" screamed Scottie.

It was too true. Johnny had killed an animal of considerable value, whose name was on record—a regular thoroughbred.

Johnny got in the papers, as Uncle Hob prophesied, and papa had a pretty hard time to settle with the indignant Captain.

Uncle Hob ought to have been ashamed of himself, but he wasn't. And Johnny was quite a hero, after all, although he got tired of hearing of "the lion he killed that summer down in B—."

—Portland Transcript.

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear consciousness! There is no greater spur to manhood than this. To feel that one has entire control of himself, and left no obligation unfulfilled like the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength. Conscience, it is said, makes cowards of us all—but only cowards when it reproaches us with one unmanliness, some shrinking from truth and right, and the commission of one wrong.

LIFT UP YOUR BROWNS.

BY CATHERINE FILBLED-WORTHWORTH.

Lift up your brows, O my! While as the snows of Alpine mountains' crown.
Purse up your heart, unstrung! To wake the dreams of valiant ones and still.

Left up your brow, O my! What then the winds of heat, heat, and fire, a storm-swept land! Left up your heart, O brother!

Lift up your heart, O brother! Strength with the strength of purpose high, Prayer burning in your soul as in your eyes. A steady fire, whose light no fate may see.

Left up your heart, O brother!

What though the winds may blow, blow you, and smite you like an ocean wave, with the white wind of a life may strike.

Turn, trusting in His will, to Jesus' feet, And rise with strength replete.

KATY DID FIND THE BEAR'S HOUSE.

BY MRS. H. L. LOOMIS.

"Where are you, do you, Tousie Taty?" piped a tow-headed urchin, who was hung upon the gate, beside which stood a handsome horse, whose flashing eyes, small, nervous ears, and restless motions, spoke as plainly as words his impatience to be going. His cheetah coat was like a tiger's, dark in the shade, but with a golden glow in the sun.

"Tousie Taty," he said, "I am sweeping down the path, in trailing habit, high hat and riding gloves, and the tow-head, a tweak of the nose and a kiss, replied merrily. "Doin' to' woods to find a bear's house?"

"I am, I am, I am for yourself," offering him the paper as solemn as a judge.

"You'd better go well armed, young man. If you should kill a bear, lion, or a leopard, you'd get in the papers, perhaps. Why, you would be a hero!"

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Barr had cleared the space between the gate of the largest of these lathe houses he proclaimed their presence. "Hi done, sir!" said Katy. "You've anounced me very becomingly, I must say! And then, after waiting a few moments, she continued, suiting the action to the word, "Well, as no one seems disposed to appear, I think I'll dismount."

He dismounted twice or thrice at the opposition, and recovering no answer, stepped outside into the rain, whispering to himself as she did. "And the old car was not at home!"

"I'll done, sir!" said Katy. "You've anounced me very becomingly, I must say! And then, after waiting a few moments, she continued, suiting the action to the word, "Well, as no one seems disposed to appear, I think I'll dismount."

During this speech, Katy had been closely studying the countenance of her host, and after it was ended, her clear penetrating gaze continued to rest upon it, searching him to the bottom of his soul.

"My darling, speak to me!" she cried, grasping his hand.

"It was Katy's turn to blush now. She was the only person whose heart had betrayed her thoughts completely.

"This is wonderful—extraordinary!" she replied, her eyes bright with genuine frankness.

"No, sir! You look like a gentleman, and I shall stay with you."

"Thank you," she replied with evident pleasure, "but I must go to Mrs. Page's room, and to bed. You are exchangeing your wet clothing for dry, I will attend to the wants of my friend Barr; and then we will partake of my batchelor's dinner."

Katy quickly exchanged her wet riding habit for a clean, dark calico wrap, with a neatly crimped muslin ruffle at the neck, and then returned to the supper room. She tasted "the big bear's porridge," she thought, "and it was delicious." The meal over and the table cleared, Ray brought forward a huge portfolio of drawings and engravings. When these were exhausted—which was not soon, for Ray was an enthusiastic admirer of pictures, and there were scores, and scores, and scores.

"I have been ill," she said, looking up suddenly with an expression of intense pain.

"After Ray's disappearance I was confined to my bed for weeks, with brain fever."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, in a tone of deep distress, and laying her trembling hand upon his.

"But what was the cause of your disappearance? Who have you been all this time? What are you doing here? With whom are you staying?"

"I cannot, dare not, answer any of your questions," she answered, drawing her chair closer to him, "but I will tell you what I have done."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

immediate removal. No; he would not attempt to follow him.

Such was Andrew's resolution, and while meditating, the light dispensed from the lamp shone suddenly from a quarter of an hour afterwards from the bed-room window as well, and then all that house was dark. But he still lingered, loth to leave the spot where his heart, his hopes were centred. The church clock striking midnight, warned him that as yet he was unprovided with a place of shelter. He crossed the Essex Road, hailed the first cab he met, and drove to the King's Cross Hotel.

Very little sleep visited his couch that night. His brain was racked with vain conjectures as to the meaning of what he heard and saw; of Bertha's inexplicable conduct, of the strange scene which he had beheld reflected upon the window glass. "What was she doing there?" he asked. At all events, there was a comfort in knowing that she was with one of her own sex, and in having seen that mysterious man quit the house—undoubtedly for the night.

The summer's morning dawned, and when all rose, he fell into an uneasy doze, from which he awoke with a start and jumped out of bed with a splitting headache. The first thing he resolved to do was to walk over to Russell Square and see James Armstrong, whom he had not met for many months. He would get there in time for breakfast. Away he started, a quarter of an hour's walk bringing him to the hotel.

He had calculated his time well. As he entered the hall a servant passed into the breakfast room with the coffee.

James expressed the most cordial pleasure at meeting him once more, as did also Mr. Armstrong, whom he had seen but once before, and with whom he was never very closely impressed.

Andrew informed his friend of his visit to Marney on the previous day, but refrained from mentioning anything that had transpired.

"Then, of course, you heard of my engagement to Miss Cleveland," said Andrew.

"Not a word," replied Andrew. "The fact is, I did not remain more than an hour at the Hall, and the time was entirely engrossed in the discussion of family affairs."

James assured him that such was the case, and received his warm congratulations.

Mr. Armstrong went down to the consulting hours at twelve, in his carriage, but his son always walked thither in fine weather, and arrived there punctually at ten. Andrew was aware of this, and desirous to have some private conversation with him, he proposed to have him accompany some part of the way.

As soon as they had quitted the hotel Armstrong inquired, merrily, if there was any news.

Andrew did not reply to the question, but asked him if he would be kind enough to take charge of any letter that came to Russell Square, directed for Andrew Marney, or James Armstrong.

"The fact is, I can't," was the reply.

He walked on for some distance in silence; Andrew meditatively, his companion sharply scrutinizing him from under his bent brows.

"Have you and your uncle paid ill friends?" asked the latter, presently.

"Yes," replied Andrew. "Do you know what it is?"

"Humph! Well, I have an idea."

"To propose that I should marry Miss Cleveland?"

"And not at all a bad proposal; you may do much worse. She is pretty, amiable, and I really believe in fond of you."

"Indeed, I hope not. I greatly respect my cousin, and sincerely endorse your proposal in the best possible way."

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